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Little birds fill me with so much joy. The tinier the better. At the river pairs of ducks will waddle right on up to you if they see you've got food—that doesn't surprise me. They've quick-quacked right into my lap before, gunning for Cheetos, wide-eyed—that doesn't surprise me either. It's a senseless kind of joy I get from sparrows. They are not afraid of me. They will live here longer than I will. You can find them all over town, twittering, flittering, posturing, proud, in trees, on streets, with the crusts of Jimmy John's subs in their mouths, sidestepping beer cans, sleeping at night, living here but not paying attention. Living here all the same. Longer than I will; much longer. And what a place to call home.

Love,

Dori Mosman

How tacky is it to start this out by saying that I always knew this day would come? Finality, or done-ness, or whatever you want to call it, has always felt slippery to me—there is always one more proof of the magazine, distribution, pitching for the next issue. But here we are! After four years, thirteen issues, a lot of LCD Soundsystem, and countless production weekends spent in buildings named after pale, stale, and male UO donors: this is my last Oregon Voice issue, and this is the letter from the editor that actually matters a lot. To quote the one and only Patti Smith, "life is an adventure of our own design, intersected by fate and a series of lucky and unlucky accidents." At my first OV meeting, I remember leaving the room with a feeling of comfort— to have found people at UO who formed a community around mutual devotion to art and all things unusual, but I never envisioned Oregon Voice would mean the world to me until it all of a sudden it did: the most perfect intersection of luck and fate. I'd like to offer a sincere thank you to all my friends who made OV happen, and also manifest a hope that the future miscreants of the University of Oregon will always have this publication to turn to for all their artistic, strange, and/or vaguely pornographic creative endeavors. It is the highest privilege to pass this thirty year old torch to the next crew.

Solidarity,

Miles

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photo **ANNA BALDWIN**

REVIEWS

The Waters, Anderson .Paak

In honor of Anderson .Paak's brand new album "Ventura" dropping this month, I decided it would be worthwhile to take some time to appreciate an older and often over-looked .Paak gem: "The Waters." It has always struck me as unpleasant how little conversation there seems to be about this song. I've heard many people refer to it as one of the more forgettable tracks on "Malibu," mostly due to its lack of a clear instrumental riff or catchy chorus. The hook of the song, poured out beautifully by BJ the Chicago Kid, is a mere four measures long, and then it's back to the straight-ahead rapping that encompasses the majority of the song's runtime.

But I think it's time we get down to the nitty gritty and talk about what makes this song just as strong as any of the other masterpieces that litter the 2016 LP. "The Waters" features some of .Paak's most technically impressive and swagger-filled rapping to date, with constant subdivision and flow changes, unpredictable yet unforgettable sentences that span across the implied musical phrases in the beat, and extremely complex internal rhyme schemes throughout the entirety of the piece. Lyrically, the verses on this song offer a first-person introspection into Andy's mind. It almost comes across as a stream-of-consciousness-type conversation one might have with oneself during a shower after an emotionally intense day. .Paak reminisces on his past, justifies (almost as if to himself) some of his life outlooks and decisions, and reassures himself, as well as the listener, of what he feels his mission is, both as a musician and as a human being. Thematically, the song is just as much a traditional hip hop boast as it is a head-first dive into a uniquely modern school of philosophy that can only be further explored in a handful of other .Paak songs.

All of this is supplemented by one of "Malibu's" most under appreciated instrumentals, created by world-famous producer Madlib, alongside Andy's personal band of ingenious funk and jazz musicians, the Free Nationals. Next time you listen to "The Waters," pay close attention to the slight displacement of the bass and the different parts of the drumset. This gives the song a certain stagger, or intoxication. One can almost hear Andy tripping through old memories, drunk off of nostalgia. Listen to the chordal interactions between the bassline, piano line, and backing vocals. They appear to be making the same point, but if this is the case, then why do they articulate that point in different notes? Try to pick out every left-field sound effect that sneaks through the background, and pay close attention to where those noises fall within the context of the lyrics. Try to hear every synth pad, every ornament, every cut-out, however subtle. And then, once you've finished that, go ahead and do the same thing for every song on this beautiful album. Feel free to go ahead and graduate on to "Oxnard" or "Yes Lawd!" after that. Then, your final task is to remember that this man just dropped a brand new album for you to pour over and dissect next. "Ventura" is everything we could have hoped for and more, so go knock yourself out.

words **Bryce Cumpston**

* * *

Chronology of Water, Lidia Yuknavitch

I wish I had a million copies of this book, because I want to lend it out to everyone I know. Yuknavitch is unflinchingly honest, and lays bare the shocking and sometimes disturbing mistakes of her youth, from sexual deviancy to substance induced crimes. She takes the reader on her journey from traumatic childhood to successful novelist, across states, cities, and most importantly, bodies of water. Previously a competitive swimmer, Yuknavitch writes about the Willamette River and swimming in it with the love and adoration it deserves, with the backdrop of getting her MFA under Ken Kesey at the U of O as the cohort writes a novel collaboratively. This is an expansive and breathless memoir that pulled me under immediately, and expressed the growth and power Yuknavitch has gained through all of her experiences.

The Pisces, Melissa Broder

The love addicted protagonist in this novel is not cut out or ready for your typical romance story. Floundering Lucy has no direction to go but West in order to house sit for her Malibu sister after being kicked out of her graduate program for not completing her thesis after 13 years and biding her time as a T.A. and in her work study job. Broder does an excellent job of writing a book that is uncomfortable and sometimes hard to read; Lucy as a character is not very likable as she tries to learn to take care of herself while neglecting her sister's dog. On her insomniatic night walks, she meets a handsome swimmer Theo off a pier in the Pacific. Their sensual interactions leaves the reader with a mouthful of dread and a little bit of humiliation, as Theo siren calls Lucy towards the ocean depths.

words **IRIS KITTLESON**

* * *

Unknown Mortal Orchestra, Live at WOW Hall

Somebody once told me that Britney Spears is the ultimate wage slave. Barring her $215 million net worth and the fact she literally isn't paid in wages, something at the heart of this statement rings true. After the Napster generation graduated to Limewire, Britney had to get thrifty. Saturating her public image with sad marriage flops, department store perfume lines, bizarre TV contest appearances and so forth— post-shaved head Britney revelled in the decadence of stale celebrity. Though Ruban Nielson of Unknown Mortal Orchestra is definitely not in the same tax bracket (or Safeway tabloid shelf), his show at WOW Hall would lead one to believe he may be much more than the ticket price of his self-commodification.

Following the dissolution of his first band, The Mint Chicks, Nielson started UMO without any intention of recognition. Of course, as the story of the outcast artist goes, that intention is probably what sewed the seeds of its immediate suck-cess. Without putting too much stock in the Nirvana analogy, UMO was the perfect recipe for a similar kind of mass intrigue: self-released Bandcamp album with virtually no promotion and thematically focused on loneliness, being stoned, and catchy riffs. Nielson once joked that he chose the name because it sounded better than "one dude jacking off alone." UMO was nonchalante and unpretentious: a kind of poor man's Tame Impala. Fast-forward five years and four albums–– Food & Sex, the record UMO supports on their 2019 tour, is marketed as being steeped in this aesthetic dimension, but there is an undeniable tension in its presentation.

First of all, for anyone who has seen a prior version of the band, new UMO doesn't sound like old UMO. Where Nielson used to spend most of his live shows shredding, his solos are more controlled, sometimes almost taking a backseat to the other musicians alongside him. Adding a keyboardist and another guitarist, UMO has swapped some of the punk energy in their days of yore for a tighter, more refined sound. Second of all, Ruban Nielson is in his forties, has a kid and a failed marriage behind him, can afford something better than a 4-track: long story short, the conditions that initially forced the project out of him have changed. As Unknown Mortal Orchestra's new IC-01 Hanoi demonstrates with grace, in its absence of all forms of the polyamory, substance intake, and verse-chorus-verse structure that pushed Food & Sex the borders of Frat rock— Ruban Nielson's vision is focused very hard somewhere else. This somewhere is noisy, improvisational, and sometimes very messy, calling to mind Miles Davis' electric period, rather than Food & Sex's similarity to Pharell produced pop.

The "don't care where I am" presence Nielson has adopted could work to draw the audience in— clad in monochrome gray, very little banter, the stage spectacle underscored by the dance of refracted light in his sunglasses. This a performance of image UMO inherits from the forefathers of unfuckwithable rock performance: Velvet Underground, Miles Davis, Nirvana, among others. But there is also the presence of an actual, not aesthetic, "I don't want to be here" vibe. UMO has played the same setlist each show for almost a year and a half— running at an hour-ish in length and featuring almost exclusively songs from Food & Sex and Multilove. Virtually all the songs on the Food & Sex felt too tightly controlled, stifling improvisation with (admittedly seamless) transitions into other songs, as though they didn't want to play them a moment longer. One particularly low point came during their biggest hit, Ffunny Frends, when Nielson's difficulty with hitting the notes brought the audience to a world of falsetto pain. After the set, they leave the stage seeming to already premeditating an encore, which is the exact same encore they do every night. None of this is essentially a problem; plenty of great bands play the same set each night, but when considering certain aspects of underperformance at their WOW hall show, maybe this all indicates something deeper.

The difference between Miles Davis and Ruban Nielson is that Miles Davis afforded his difficult image *because* he was Miles Davis. Jean Michel Basquiat once remarked that he wanted his paintings to be viewed as Miles Davis' compositions are received— nobody asks Miles Davis why he plays one note instead of another, if the note he chose was wrong he would not play it. Nothing lowers artistry, a quality Nielson clearly possesses in abundance, more than conformity. Maybe Nielson's mind was somewhere else at the Unknown Mortal Orchestra show at WOW, but it would have been a blessing to take us there.

words **MILES SHEPARD**

* * *

art **MIRANDA CAVAGNARO**

START

ARE U NEW 2 LUBE

- BEEN THERE DONE THAT
- PROUD NEWBIE

ARE U INTO ANAL

- I <3 BUTT STUFF
- NOT FOR ME

ARE U INTO MASTURBATION

- HAVEN'T GOT AROUND TO IT
- ME FIRST ALWAYS

DO U ENJOY SEX TOYS

- HAVEN'T TRIED THEM
- TOYS R CR8

SPENDING HABITS

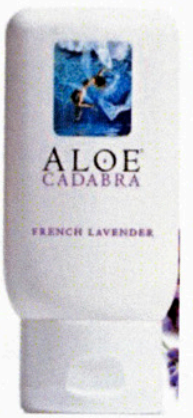
- BALLIN ON A BUDGET
- TREAT YO SELF

DO U LIKE SEX IN THE SHOWER

- TOO TRICKY
- WET, WET, & MORE WET

Swiss Navy Silicone Lube

Aloe Cadabra's Natural Organic Lube



SILK Hybrid Based Lube

LUBE, AS YOU LIKE IT

words **Alivia J LeMaster**

You may remember As You Like It from a previous Oregon Voice Issue. Kim Marks is the owner of As You Like It, Eugene's most environmentally friendly pleasure shop. She was included in the Porn Issue when a couple of OV writers visited during a sex shop crawl. For the Wet Issue, it only made sense to revisit Marks in her shop and explore her thoughts on lube.

Below is a game that will guide you through different types of lubes and what they are best used for. Kick back, relax, and complete the game and learn about the lube you landed on! Once you finish, head on down West 11th Ave. to As You Like It to purchase the lube of your dreams.

Natural Organic Lube by Aloe Cadabra

Most water-based lubes at As You Like It use aloe. Aloe-based lubes, and other water-based lubes, are great for toys. Oil-based lubes are known to damage motorized toys, such as vibrators and dildos. So as long as you aren't planning on soaking your toys in lube, this natural product may be the lube your sex toy has been waiting for.

Aloe Cadabra offers an unscented lube along with four different flavors: French Lavender, Tingly Mint, Pina Colada, and Tahitian Vanilla. Marks encourages putting flavored lubes on dental dams or condoms to make them taste more delish. She ensures lube users that, "herbal infusions are safe to eat, but try not to glob it in your mouth." At only $13, this lube is a great go-to for someone looking to explore the pleasures of protection and playing with toys.

Silicone Lube by Swiss Navy

According to Marks, "For anal, you want silicone based lube." Silicone lube doesn't absorb into the skin and body. Silicone lube stays where you want it. Since anal sex needs lots of lube, this product is a must. Marks credits the lube by saying, "if you put a butt plug in and pull it out, the silicone lube will still be there." It is essential to research lube and how it can interact with your body and your toys. When you are moving and grooving with your body, having a reliable and safe lube is crucial. The sample size is super affordable at $3, or you can commit to the 1 oz bottle for $8.

Steer clear of lubes that cause dry skin. These lubes create micro tears during penetration, increasing the potential of sharing an STI. Dealing with the stigma of STIs shouldn't stop you from being sexual active, so Marks recommends to, "watch out for lubes with high ostimosoly levels." Silicone lube will not protect you from STIs but it does ensure less microtears while you're bangin' real hard.

Hybrid Based Lube by SILK

Hybrid lubricant includes water and silicone. Marks describes hybrid lubes as, "a mix of 13% silicone and the rest is water." The water lets users with sensitive skin feel at ease while the silicone opens the door to all types of playful opportunities, including anal sex. This lube is great for playing in wet settings. It is fabulous for getting freaky in the shower or using a toy in the tub. Whether you plan to explore hybrid lubes in the shower, in your butt or with a dildo, be sure to purchase this silky lube, and for just $15.

Marks reminds all her customers that, "safe sex is really protection and lube together." From scented silicone to coconut oil, there sure is a whole world of lube to explore. Read up, get out there and be confident that you're using the right lube for your body, toys and sexual pleasures.

JUUL FUNERAL

I tried to make a list of things that are wet in my life for this article. But a few images stuck out: the hundreds of leaky juul pods piling up in my desk drawer, the empty vape bottle that I used to fill my pods, and the tears I cried when I thought I lost my Juul. If you can't tell, I, like many of the students at this school, am very addicted to a battery called the Juul. I had originally purchased the Juul in order to quit my chain-smoking habit that started after a gap year in Spain. I had hoped that the Juul could wean me off cigarettes, but that was not the case. So, as the year went on, I found myself constantly clutching the Juul like it had turned into my third arm. When we were separated, I found myself thinking about the next moment we would be reunited. I had burned through my bank account buying Juul pods. I had formed a very unhealthy bond with my Juul. Our anthem was The Police song, "Every Breath You Take."

So when did I reach my low point? There were a few instances. The first time I knew I had a problem was the night I drunkenly threw my Juul in the trash can, vowing never to Juul again. The next day I fished it out of the trash and hit it as soon as I woke up. Then, I expressed to my friends that I was thinking about quitting. They hid it in a tea box in my room and I started sobbing as if I had just lost a child. However, that was not the thing that made me want to quit. So ashamed of my nicotine addiction, I had gone to therapy and blatantly lied to my therapist about smoking. I had literally lied to the one person who I can tell all of my secrets to. After that session, I realized I had a problem and things needed to change. And that is when I decided to quit Juuling. However, I made a plan this time. Here are a few steps you can take if you would also like to live your life Juul free.

1. Tell your friends and parents. I had spent the past 2 years hiding a nicotine addiction from my father and he had no clue. He had mistaken my nightly drags for smoking joints, which he didn't mind. I knew that when I told him, it would have to be real.

2. Meet with your doctor. I lied to my doctors for years about smoking because I knew they would tell me to stop. And I most definitely did not want to feel that pressure. But my doctor was surprisingly very supportive and had set me up with some medication to help kick my addiction.

3. Make a Quit Date and a Quit Kit. After meeting with my doctor, I gave myself a week to quit. I took a trip to my local drugstore and bought some items that would help distract me during cravings. This included bubble gum, knock off play-doh, silly putty, and bubbles.

4. Find a proper way to dispose of your Juul. Since I am the most dramatic person ever, I decided to throw a Juul funeral, or more appropriately, a Juul massacre. All of my friends gathered together and we destroyed my Juul with a hammer. We were all dressed in black, in order to mourn the loss of my Juul. I would not recommend burying it or throwing it in the trash, because you will dig it out.

words **MOLLY SCHWARTZ**
art **ANNA MAESTAS**

art KAYA NOTEBOOM

art **DANIELLE DESMET**

OooOHHH Canadaaaa

words **A.N.L.**

Spring breaks are the steamiest, sexiest time of the year. Everyone's hormones and sexual frequencies are buzzing like plane engines as they jet off, hoping to hump a thick thigh in a bleak AirBnB. Like most co-ed college hotties, I ventured out to a foreign city to have a wet and wild week. I traveled with my boyfriend to the most erotic, sensual city in North America... Vancouver, Canada.

I'm no scientist, but I've heard heat rises, and our neighbors to the north are no strangers to this hot scientific theory. In the home of the world's sexiest people and minds (i.e Ryan Reynolds and Grimes), our travels inevitably got freaky-deaky. On our last night in the deliciously sticky maple-syrup-covered city, we ended our week-long sexcapades with some classic shower sex in the Marriott hotel room paid for by our daddies (Marriott Rewards Kings!).

I know people say shower sex always looks cooler and easier in the movies, but they forgot to mention that unlocking the chastity belt can also lead to a flood outside of the feminine gates. Once our hands were pruney as raisins, we turned off the shower water and were ready to make our way to the bedroom. I stepped out of the shower into the puddle and didn't really think too much of it, I was uhhh preoccupied with some peen if you know what I mean. We opened the door of the bathroom to see the entire hotel room completely flooded, soaked just like my undercarriage.

With lies as thicc as Kim K's ass and my quick transformation from hentai queen to celibate wean, we easily bamboozled these (friendly) Canucks.

Seconds later our hotel phone rang, a loud screech that cut through the sultry hotel room, steam-filled from our fondling. They asked us if everything was okay since the people below us were woken up by the liquid dripping from their ceiling, highly suspected to be semen. Thankfully my boyfriend is also an amazing liar—maybe it stems from his father's unfulfilled dream of making his firstborn son a theater thotspian. With lies as thicc as Kim K's ass and my quick transformation from hentai queen to celibate wean, we easily bamboozled these (friendly) Canucks.

Moments later we received a knock on our door from the hotel along with towels to clean up the mess. They sucked up the water just as wildly as I would've. Since we were in Canada, obviously the staff ontinuously apologized to us for the inconvenience this has caused us. Since the room was completely submerged they had to evacuate us from our hotel room as well as the people below us. One mental breakdown and anxiety-induced jerk off later we made it back across the border.

Eh, I'd do it all over again.

dead jellyfish at stinson beach

three
four days
you've sat there
uranium glow sunk far into the sand

a saran wrapped puddle you slouch
so docile in your mass
I can't help but blink

no one will bury you
and the sea doesn't want you back
only the flies embrace what you've become

no eyes, no mouth, no ears, no genitals
you were born and you died
ascetic by design

words **EMMET SMITH**
art **SHANTI BARTZ**

drowned in two day old mixed drink of gin and lemonade

photos **JONATHAN ROENSCH**

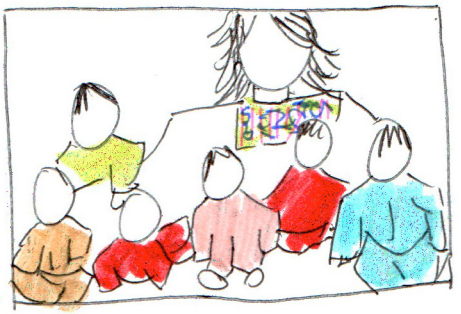
pay five dollars for wet film
moistened with tequila

photos **JONATHAN ROENSCH**

photo **MIRANDA CAVGANARO**
art and words **PHEOBE LEVINE**

ACCORDING TO NOAA, 1974 WAS THE WETTEST YEAR ON RECORD. HERE ARE SOME THINGS THAT HAPPENED WHILE THE U.S. WAS GETTING SOAKED:

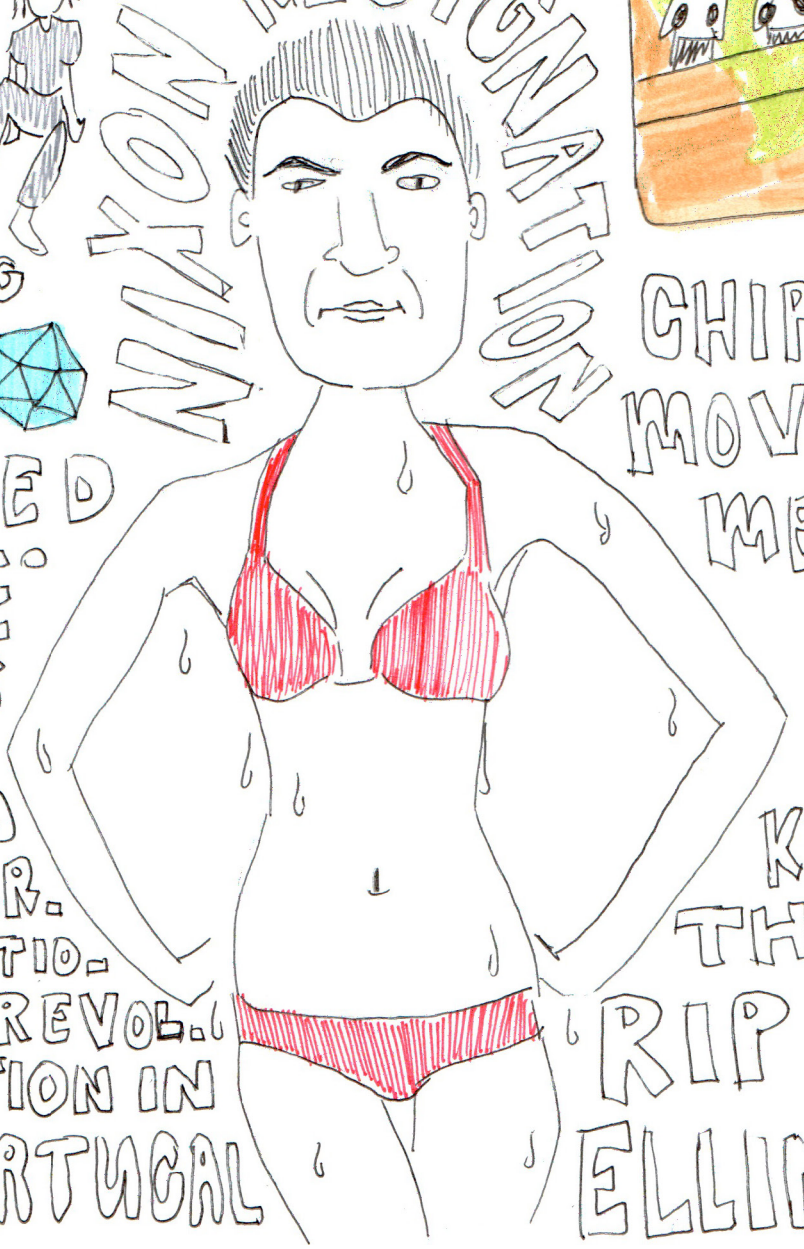
FIRST SURVIVING SEXTUPLETS BORN

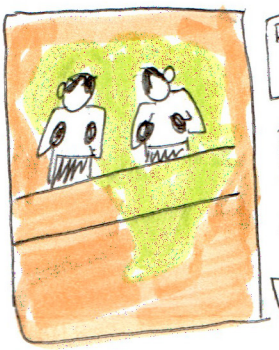


ABBA WON EUROVISION

"HEY JOE" BY PATTI SMITH - ARGUABLY THE FIRST PUNK SONG

NIXON RESIGNATION





RUMBLE IN THE JUNGLE

D3D RELEASED

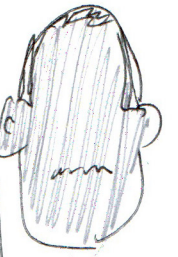
CHIPKO MOVEMENT

MY MOM WAS BORN!

CARNATION REVOLUTION IN PORTUGAL

PATTY HEARST KIDNAPPED BY THE SLA

RIP DUKE ELLINGTON

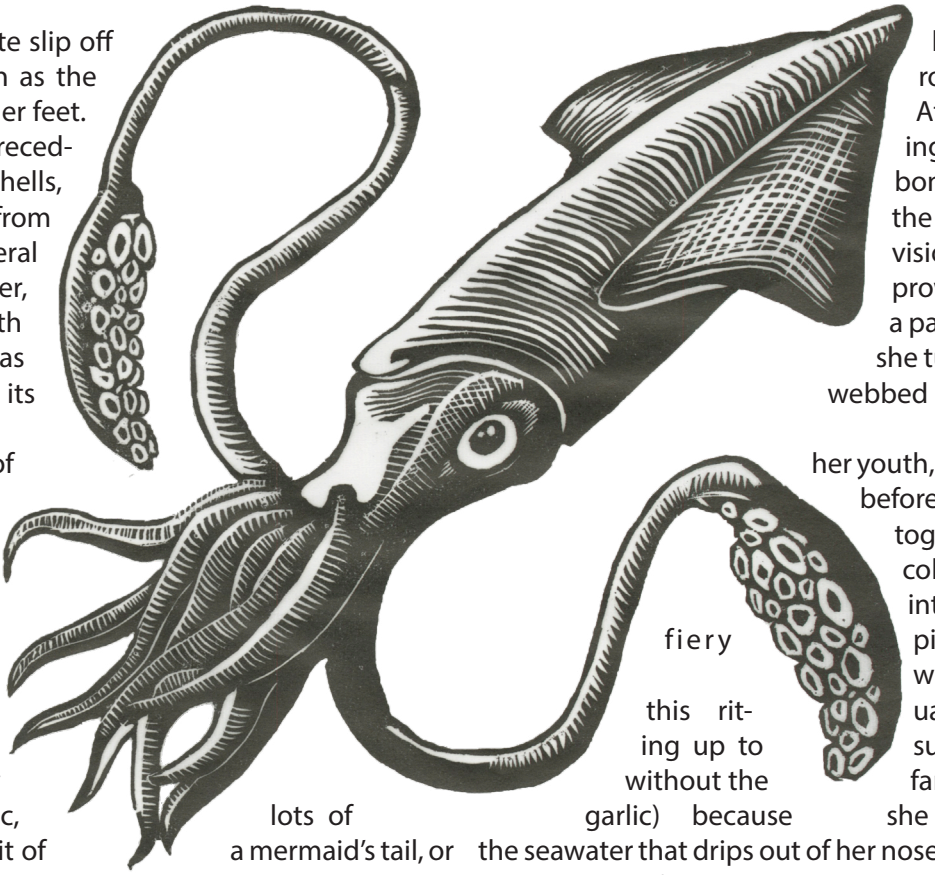


SHELLFISH

words **IRIS KITTLESON**
art **CLANCY OCONNOR**

The cabin watches Kate in her a self imposed exile, too broke for the silent meditation dacha and rejected from the writers workshops. She leaves her phone in the glove compartment and hides her valuables behind a tree before hiking down to it. In May, a soft arctic breeze blows off a receding glacier and floats hundreds of miles South to lift up Kate's dress. There is no one in the forest at the water's edge to see it, but Kate feels a chill up her spine. She spins around; only her headlights stare back from up the hill.

The cabin feels life rush through its boards and rafters as Kate turns on the electricity and water valves. As she unboards the sea-facing windows, the cabin lets out a gasp (Kate heard it as a creak). The plastic sheets inside on the furniture being snapped off allow the cabin to inhale and the walls tighten. Faded photos bleached from decades of tree filtered sunlight alit with the faces of Kate's mother and aunts looking impossibly lithe and tanned on the beachfront, years before puffing up with children, debt and sagging with age.



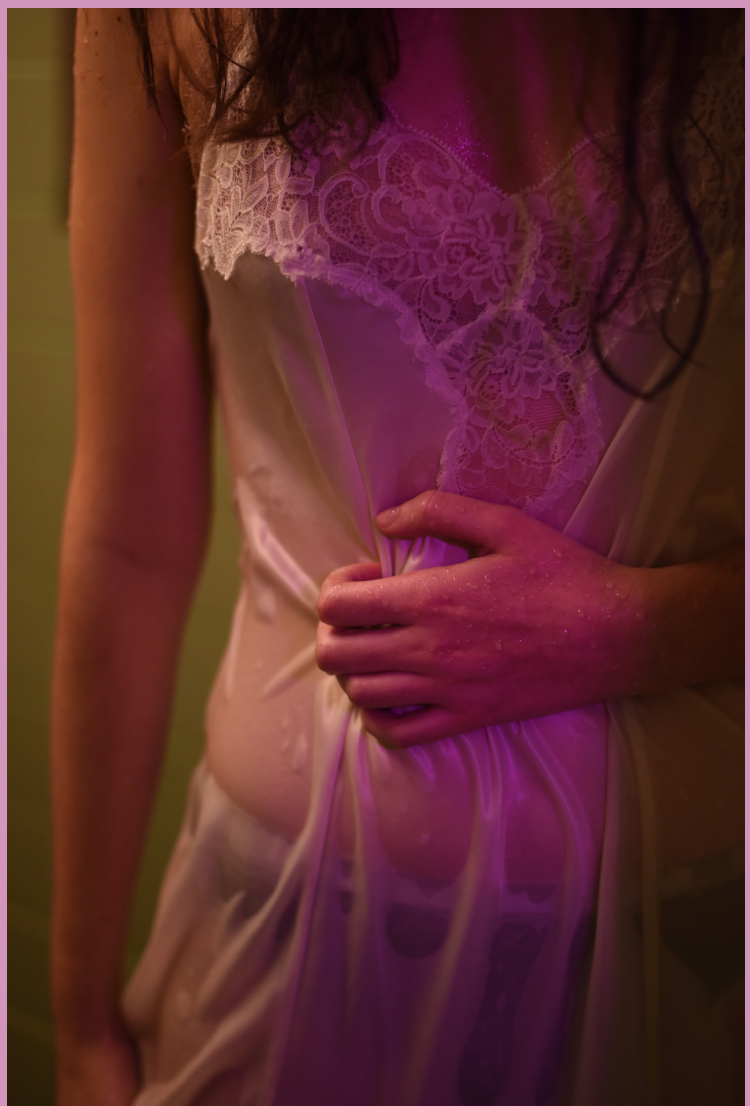
The cabin sees Kate slip off her shoes and tiptoe to the shore, even as the rocks and pine needles stick the soles of her feet. At the stairs onto the sand, wet from receding tide, are generations of empty oyster shells, bone bleached white and roughly sanded from the waves riotous hands. In her peripheral vision Kate saw a phantom of her mother, prowling the shallows in rubber waders with a pair of tongs and a screwdriver. As soon as she turned for a clearer look, a loon took off, its webbed foot trailing the water.

In the autumn of her youth, and all the years before stretching back to before she even existed, the family trudged together along the curvatures of the reef, collecting shells, rudely stuffing them into leaky plastic bags to be doomed to a pit on the cabin porch and pried open with the father's knives. The cabin saw this ritual hundreds of time in the months leading up to summer. Kate prefered the oysters raw without the family's secret sauce (the secret was garlic, garlic) because she imagined they tasted like the slippery slit of lots of the seawater that drips out of her nose after a long swim. With all, she darts her tongue a mermaid's tail, or out slyly and tastes something that feels deeply personal, intimate, and obscene.

Kate slips on rubber boots and walks into the water with her bucket and tools, gazing out onto the smooth, calm water, remembering. In the recesses of her mind, like an echo at the bottom of a forgotten cave, she hears her mother call out across the water, ringing the dinner bell. The young Kate turns the nose of her canoe towards the lighted cabin and smell of seafood fettuccine on the breeze, bright yellow windows glowing against a rapidly darkening hillside. 400 feet below her, a nuclear submarine slides through the inky channel, startling a troubled family of bioluminescent squid.

On the porch, with her book, she pries open shell after shell, sliding the innards down her throat between forkfuls of rice. Too forgetful and cautious to turn on the gas grill, raw is the only option. The cabin sighed. In her nostalgia and self prescribed internet muzzle, Kate had forgot the age old rule of shellfish, to only eat oysters months with the letter "R." In the warmth of May, the oysters were eagerly filtering the water from a bloom of algae unseen to the naked eye, the toxins setting comfortably into their large chewy stomachs, and likewise into Kate's. The cabin, having been looking forward to Kate sleeping on the long neglected bunks inside, entertained itself by creaking back and forth with the wind while she labored in the outhouse until dawn.

art **HANNAH SMULAND**



art **ANNA MAESTAS**

Cavities in Three Parts

Soft Caw by K. Dee

soft caw: an exercise in wanting.
temporarily rejecting singularity.
whisper-moan into your molar chasm
—cute & gaping.
a vaux's swift nestled in a soggy nook between
gummage & carnage,
folding laundry and polishing our fine kitchenware.
downy pillows collect stumbles babbles and coos.
cygnets to sustained infatuation,
we are mostly mouth and some pruned sinews of body.
migratory spring,
i want to lick the skies of your lower-back.
i'm a swollen mash of plume & marrow.
you scratch my
vestigial itch.

My wettest mouth hasn't seen a dentist in ten years. Never mind who neglected to take me. Never mind why I didn't schedule the appointment for myself. That is a decade of decay and spoil contained in my teeth, unchecked and unsupervised. I've spoiled appetites over cans of almond roca, and piping hot purex pans of beeko, a sickly sweet Filipino desert made with sticky rice, the canned nectar of sweetened condensed milk, and mounds of brown sugar. My mouth is a mass grave for chile picante cornnuts and peppered salami. Cows, fish, pigs, birds, lambs; their excitable muscle tissue is perpetually lodged between my incisors.

There is no doubt I have cavities. The question is, how many? Or perhaps more pressing, how grave? People die of mouthrot all the time. Cavities unattended to can result in a slow rot that migrates a small and lethal distance from the mouth to the brain.

Rot is drawn to dark and damp places. Aspergillus, a common mold family, can be found in one's home, anyone's home, be it a gothic mansion with stoic banisters renovated to pristine historical accuracy, or a RV suffering from a backed-up septic tank parked in the shade of a Kentucky Coffeetree somewhere in Tulsa. The filamented aspergillus will colonize in the crevices of a shower door or the bulging underbelly of a mattress. Mold sensitive individuals when exposed to Aspergillus can develop what is termed "fungal asthma," causing shortness of breath and general difficulty breathing. More acute invasions of Aspergillus, however, can result in the fungal colonization of one's lungs as if the tissue is a dark nook in a bathroom, or the underbelly of a mattress. From there, the Aspergillus inches its way to the heart, and if ignored long enough, to the brain.

The rot in my mouth may kill me, or it may not. It may be the rot of a mattress or a bathtub or an orange, or a car-crash in the French countryside that finally does it. Some rots are tolerable and can be sustained over a lifetime. A decade without the dentist is arguably too long, but it arguably doesn't matter, really.

What follows are fructose moments, fractals of ripeness in crystalline. Before cavities, there was sugar. There were the untampered expressions of pleasure in delicious things, the writhing bodies of sexual joy, and the sweet desert of solitude. Today, I ask you one thing: how did I get to be so rotten?

Cavity 1: Glutton

Sye likes to watch me eat. He is fond of how I handle bananas, using my thumb's nail as a scalpel to cut a circular opening where I will begin to peel the banana skin back. He admires how my tongue can catch a careening glob of banana-brownie ice-cream before it splats on his Italian leather loafers. Sye relishes the sight of me cradling a steaming cup of loose leaf tea.

One morning, like many mornings, I cradled my tea and sat with my legs folded under me on our cherrywood floors. My gaze lingered in the mug and followed a cloudy ribbon of cream as it spiraled round and round and round itself.

"Darling," Sye appeared in front of our bedroom door, holding the last of our transparent glass plates. His white work shirt was half buttoned and tucked into the navy linenblend trousers I found last summer at a trunkshow in Berlin. His cornflower blue Hermès tie, a gift and old favorite of his father, was draped around his neck. From below, through the glass plate, I could see it was smoked lox on garlic-chive schmear and a poppy-seed bagel.

Sye kneeled beside me. The tail of the tie dipped into my mug, narrowly missing the tea. The plate of lox tilted in his palm.

"I do love catching you in deep contemplation."

I pulled a long sip of tea.

"And how the steam clings to your glasses." He plucked the glasses from my face and held them between his thumb and index finger. With other hand, he rubbed little circles in the lenses with the Hermès tie.

Sye held my glasses in front of my eyes and placed them back on my face. I glanced over at the lox bagel.

"What do you think about?"

I couldn't remember thinking anything before he walked in. "It's hard to say."

"Well please do tell me when I get home from work." Before standing up, he set the glass plate on the floor by my knees. He reached for one of the canvas totes hanging from the door knob, choosing one with "Columbia Press" screenprinted on its face. He tied the Hermès with one sweeping gesture, grabbed his phone and keys from the desk. Sye left for work, leaving me alone with the lox bagel.

Cavity 2: Salacious

The problem with me and bagels is that I want to fuck them. With my tongue, I mean. I don't have a penis. Put a bagel in my

lap and soon thereafter I thrust my tongue into it. One swift flick of my tongue after the next, I clean the bagel's hole of its whipped contents. It's a frenzy—one Sye doesn't like to watch.

Sye doesn't like when I tongue-fuck bagels in public. I do it and he bats my shoulder with one big hand, derailing my slug tongue from its prodding.

"Can you please stop? I really don't like when you do that." He grimaces.

Surely, his scolding saves us both from embarrassment and I should thank him. It is uncouth to pantomime my queer tendencies around such handsome mothers and their college aged daughters, around spin class instructors, their chests bound in elastane bras, their biceps glistening with a fresh film of salt, wearing pants that thankfully leave nothing to the imagination.

When we get to the café counter he holds my elbow with a strict grip. He anticipates my desire and without words urges me to restrain. He orders first, requesting a black-cherry Danish pastry and an Americano. He orders too fast for me to weigh this decision carefully, so I order out of instinct.

"I'll have a 12 ounce late with oatmilk and a poppyseed bagel with smoked salmon schmear."

Sye's fingernails claw into my elbow. I will have a bruise later.

My eating habit is embarrassing, yes. But why does it anger him so? Incite a rage as if I've fingered some busty big-nosed blonde right in front of him? I have, before him, enjoyed a hole he doesn't have and maybe this information is too salacious for him to make sense of. It is a desire that exists, though in the past, outside of him. It is a desire he cannot personally address for lack of an important.

I remind him of the hole he does have. Many times, I've told him what I would like to do with that hole if he let me, but he laughs it off. I am not kidding.

Cavity 3: Solitude

In my bathtub, I squeal because I am alone. I am smiling inside my body. I pet the skin on my back like the ragged pelt of a rabbit wet with kerosene. The water is heavy with smoke I have swallowed and seep. Every day the capillaries in my lungs choke on brackish soot. I breath in the steam and it coats the lining of my lungs like a healing salve. Beads of sweat hang from my pronounced brow like a diadem.

Under water, there is a muted whir that's even more welcoming than silence. The fogged murmur of moving water is a disquieted mind echoed back, the thoughts swishing in the froth of the day's dirt. My thoughts are detritus with the dirt. They mingle in froth and thieves scented soap. Over time, the fleshy bar of soap recedes into a soft scale. Its runoff of milky-pink lipids seal the tub's uncaulked cracks. My sudsy shoulders and knees slope out of and back into the water. My fingers are pruned. One of my nails carves away at the thieves soap in one of the cracks, shaving off a ribbon to wash myself with.
On the tub's ledge, there's a full mason-jar of cold lemonade that collects condensation. It will rain. On the bathmat, there's a worn copy of Speedboat by Renata Adler. "You don't have to arrive" said the pilot instructor. I am here and I will not arrive anywhere else until I want to.

Filling

"Are you comfortable?" Dr. Chafin adjusts the fluorescent arm above me. He directs the light to illuminate my mouth.

There are ten cotton balls in my cheeks stopping up blood. I think they are cotton tails. The tails of bunnies in my childhood park. Bunnies dancing in circles, their lucky feet twinkling on dandelions, over baby's breath. It is Matisse's "The Dance." They are holding each other's whiskers. They are kissing. They think they are hiding but I am sprawled on gingham linen. I am sprawled under a willow, watching. Dappled sunlight flickers between rustled leaves. Their twinkling bunny feet scamper to and from the tangle of brush into the grassy opening where I lay. This is their stage. This is their play and I am watching.

One bunny is smaller than the rest, and since it's a play, I identify with that one. Her name is Henri. Henri's feet are warm and wet. Her feet spring higher than the rest. Though she's small, her dance is biggest. Henri trips on a snail and flails into the bunny to her left, our mother.

I am scolded.

But we keep dancing.

Baby rabbit, dancing on inchworm jelly all afternoon, go to sleep underneath your mother's warm navel.

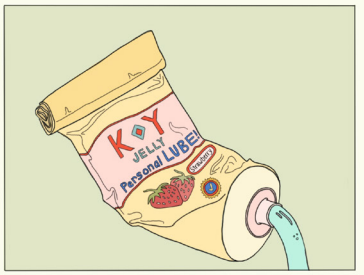
Wake up.

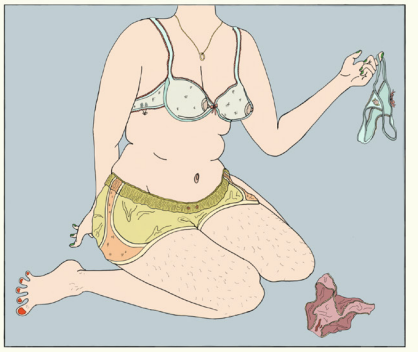
A biteblock props my jaws open, letting my limp tongue spill out. It is a small slab of pink meat, like fresh sashimi.

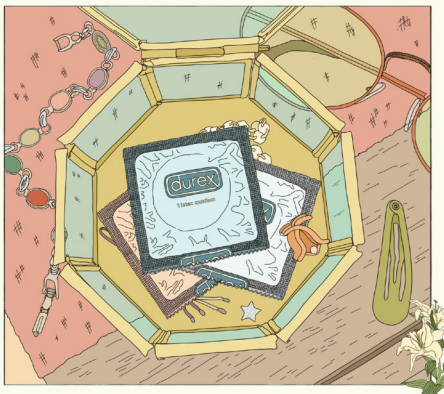
On the phone, Dr. Chafin promised laughing gas. He delivered.

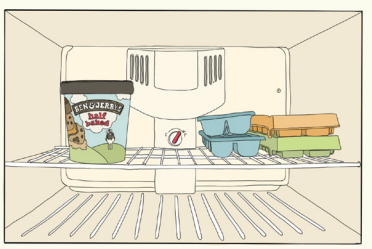
writing **KAYA NOTEBOOM** art **CLANCY O'CONNOR**

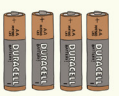
ANNA MAESTAS

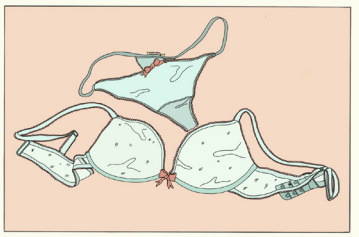


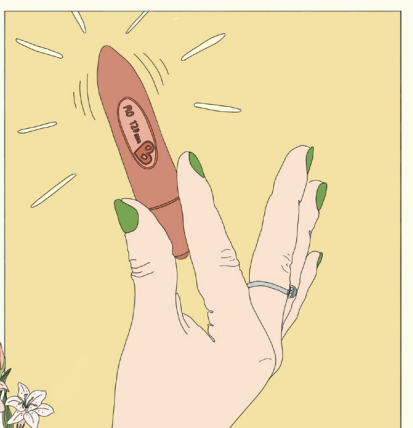












Delivered

"WET WITHOUT A CAUSE!"

JENNA BURNS & EVELYN TEDRICK

BYE-BYE NOTES

words **DORI MOSMAN**

I had a dream about the boy who took my virginity. Not much to remember except the back of his neck beneath long hair, smalls of backs, something like feeling good.

Maddy and I raved about how perfect the food was until she pulled a piece of plastic out of her mouth. But we kept eating.

We built a snowman with the man and his son, borrowed a big carrot for hise nose, stuck Jess' beret on his head.

The Socrates of legend is the only one we have.

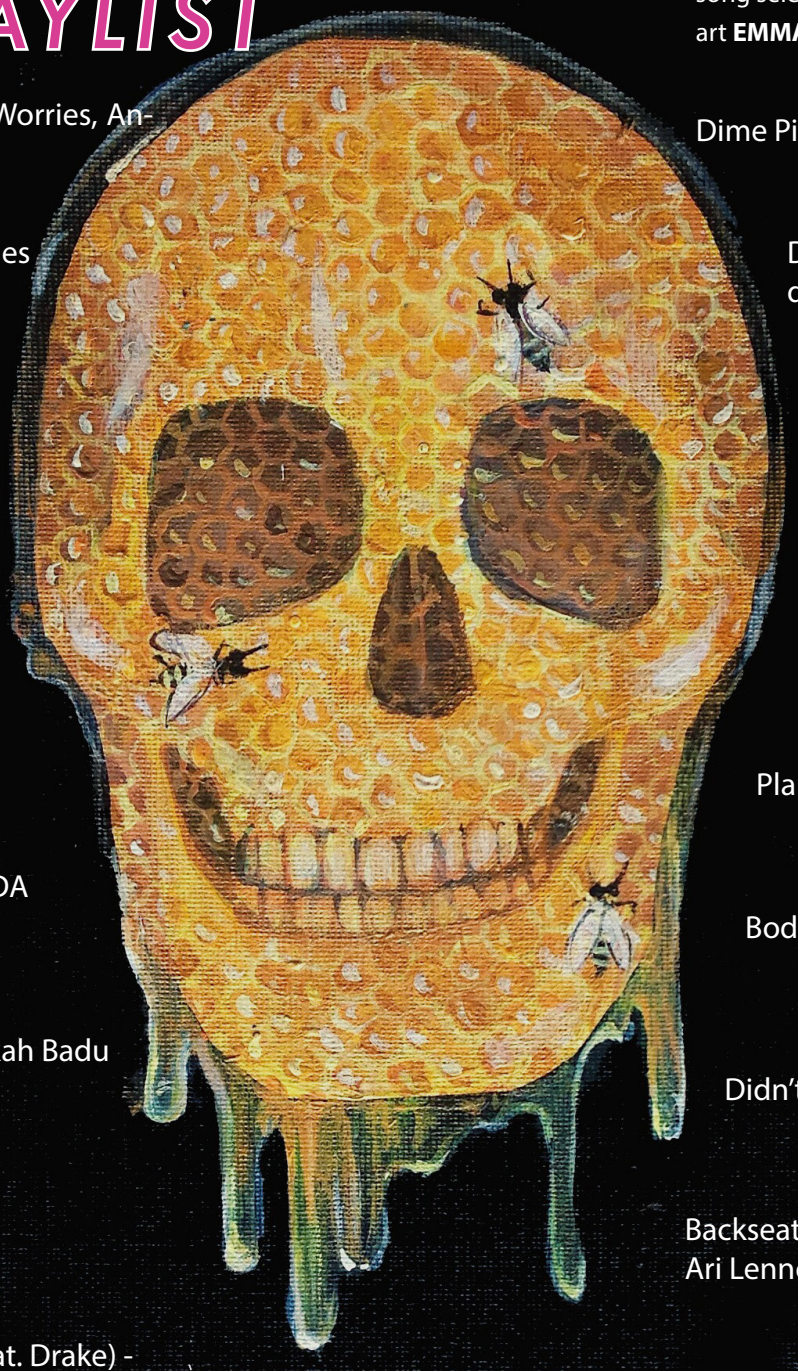
I have only met her once and afterwards what struck me most about her was how beautiful she is. I had looked at Kelly's pictures and heard Kelly talk about how beautiful she is but I hadn't seen it. Then I saw it. Afterwards I said, "She's really beautiful."

In the bathroom at Cornucopia I smile into the mirror in a private joke with myself and dry my hands thinking of how he will look at me when I go back out to the table, how I will not look back.

photo **MIRANDA CAVAGNARO**

WET PLAYLIST

song selection **JULIA MORGANS**
art **EMMA FALE-OLSEN**



Get Bigger/ Do U Luv- NxWorries, Anderson .Paak, Knxledge

Wavy (Interlude) (feat. James Fauntleroy) - SZA

Let It Burn - Jazmine Sullivan

You Don't Have to Change - Kool & The Gang

Trip - Ella Mai

Girl - The Internet, KAYTRANADA

Other Side of the Game - Erykah Badu

Wus Good / Curious - PARTYNEXTDOOR

Come and See Me (feat. Drake) - PARTYNEXTDOOR

Dime Piece - J Dilla, Dwele

Droogs - NxWorries, Anderson .Paak, Kdxwledge

Ooh Nah Nah (feat. Masego) - SiR, Masego

Neighbors Know My Name - Trey Songz

Planez - Jeremih, J. Cole

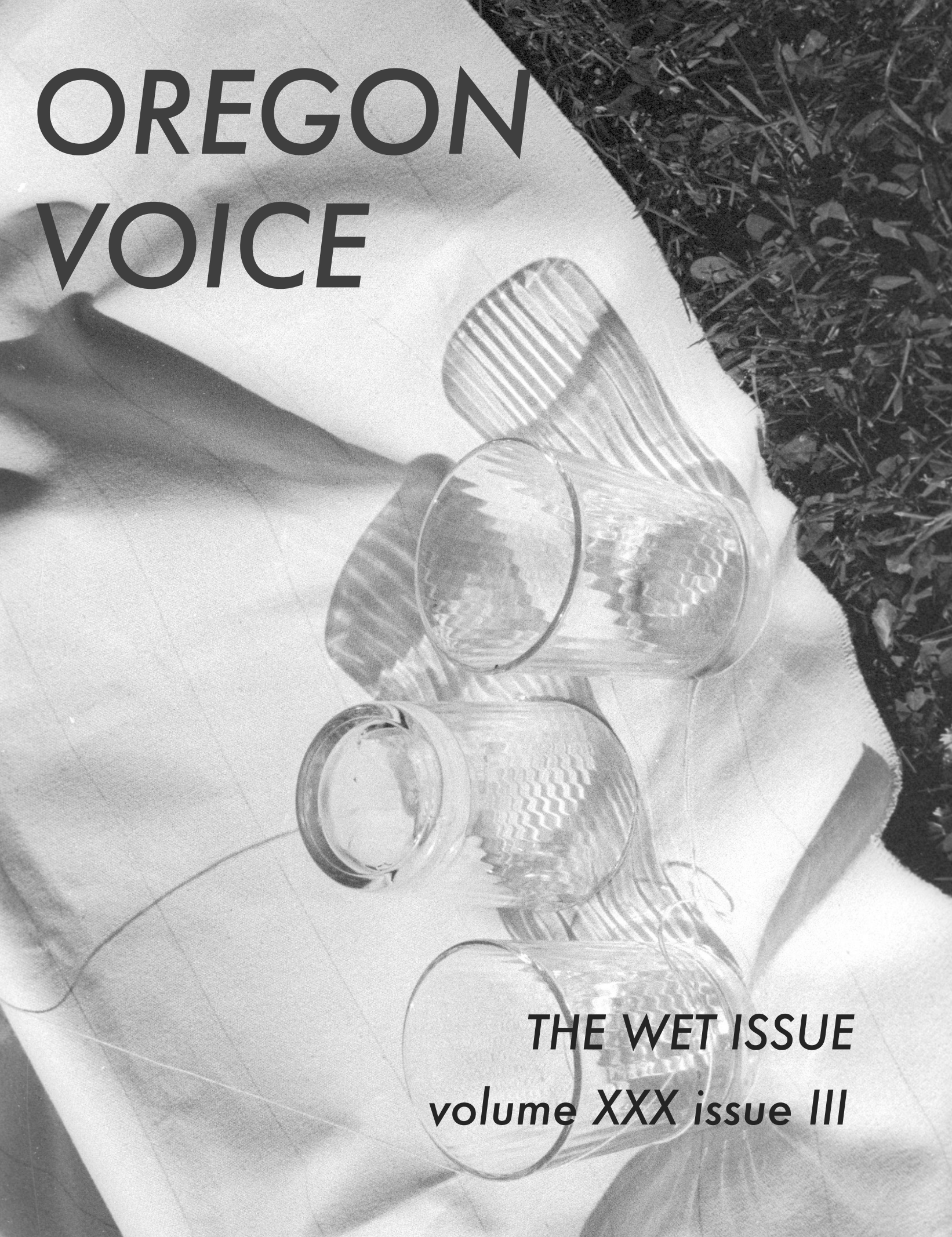
Body Party - Ciara

Didn't Cha Know - Erykah Badu

Backseat - Ari Lennox, Dreamville, Cozz

Lyk Dis - NxWorries, Anderson .Paak, Knxledge

OREGON VOICE



THE WET ISSUE

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